corner, to have made himself the spokesman for a public with which he would rather not agree.

Perhaps he has also become a bit absurd. He preserves in his Diary a clipping from the Globe of December 12, 1874, a rather nasty critique of his rhetoric in annual reports like the ones we have just discussed. The critic argues that even if Workman were witty, the display of wit in an annual report would be an `impertinence': `in an official document it would be better to curb his fancy'. The journalist and rhetorician who sought to effect real changes in his society is accused of a species of literary narcissism, and of aestheticizing the illnesses of his patients (ie., `It is perhaps clever to personify in a report the delusion of a patient, and to speak of him giving up `his naughty tricks' is more picturesque than to say that with recovered health the delusion vanished; but the cleverness and picturesqueness would be, even if of a higher order, impertinence in a report'). The critic unkindly suggests that Workman might himself be mad. Workman's silence now seems as eloquent as anything he wrote.